

YEGGS, STEAKS, EGGS

By T-bone Slim

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A certain delightful modesty has overspread the features of Willmar, Minn., since those bold, bad men brought fame to the virtuous city by committing a "big-town bank robbery" and "tearing away" over the improved highways to the tune of (say) \$80,000 . . . This great change in Willmar's demeanor happened only after she became convinced the robbers had returned no portion of that "tidy sum" and had no intention of doing it . . . but that's a matter of mere money. What concerns me more, as I hear it, the robbers showed genuine Samaritan consideration for the more impetuous element by "seeding the highway behind them with tacks" or tarpaper-nails; thus preventing pursuit and saving the life of full many a fool that would have tried to run Henry Ford's great invention into the mouth of a machine gun.

I agree with those robbers to the extent that it isn't good to kill a man no matter how big a fool he may be and, if a package of carpet tacks spares him as horrible example to the rising generation, I consider that dime well spent—especially in view of the fact that \$80,000 will buy quite a few kegs of those ingenious and useful rugfasteners.—Pull the curtain, editor, let us not discuss financial problems further—they are too intriguing.

* * *

Small Steak 50
Sirloin Steak 50
T-bone Steak 85 (\$3 per day?)
Pork Chops 50
H-bgr. Steak 40

Hm. Notice how that T-bone Steak stands up well among the proteins—I consider it a personal insult not to place it at the head of the Hst. And woe be unto the ratatouille-keeper that gets tried for murder, if I'm on the jury—he'll swing. I'll show him who's had to walk way over to the cigar counter for a toothpick and had his whole life embittered in the process. He'll hang—even though we can produce no corpus delicti—excuse my learning—we'll make one of him . . .

Now it may not be out of place to state, the main ingredients of democratic life in this republic are bread, meat, potatoes and butter. Hardly a man but is acquainted with one or all of those epicurean wonders besides many may have drummed up passing acquaintanceship with eggs, fruit, peanuts, fishballs and fish, itself—by the way, take it from me, fish does agree with your stomach—possibly not in fried state—oily state—boil all the grease off it and you'll find your stomach, precious stomach, rebels not at fish but grease.

We just mentioned bread.

An average farmer must raise 4,500 bushels of wheat per year in order to get 12 bushels for his own use—in other words, he must raise the wheat for 375 happy countrymen of his in connection with his own demands—4,488 bushels goes out to others; 12 bushels he keeps for his own use.

Our farmer raises spuds, also.

He raises on an average 375 bushels of potatoes per year and of that he uses 12 bushels himself—363 bushels goes to others.

Meat—he raises 5,000 lbs. of pork, 8000 lbs. of beef, 200 lbs. of poultry—8,200 lbs. all told—of this he himself uses 700 lbs. per year and the rest, 7,500 lbs., goes to others.

Butter—he produces the equivalent of 1,820 lbs. of butter per year and uses but 78 lbs. of it on his own table; 1,742 lbs. goes to others. In addition of course he raises other foods, fruits, eggs, corn, etc., which same we will not discuss. Sufficient has been shown that all is not well with the farmer in so far as returns are concerned.

Twelve bushels of flour for 4,488 bushels of wheat is out of all proportion to civilized barter.

Twelve bushels of spuds (culls) in exchange for 363 bushels of potatoes is like taking candy away from a yearling.

Seven hundred pounds of meat per year looks like a damned small mouthful compared to the 7,500 lbs. he must give away yearly. Seventy-eight pounds of butter he uses per year seems like an insignificant pile of grease alongside 1,742 lbs. he hauls to town—and comes back broke.

Those figures are so outrageous, editor, I shall refuse to write this article—sufficient to say unorganized farmers are the cause of that condition even so as unorganized working men are the cause of soup lines.

The system is rotten!

I have here given unhesitant

figures and I defy the world to challenge them. They may call me liar and all that but no living man has the guts to give out figures to prove me wrong—to do so will spill the beans.